

The same unresponsive calm haunts that  
 deserted house  
 where Walter de la Mare's Traveller  
 knocks in vain  
 sinister and silent as the Dark Tower of  
 Childe Rowland  
 But only a host of phantom listeners  
 That dwelt in the lone house then  
 Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight

To that voice from the world of men:  
 Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the  
 dark stair  
 That goes down to the empty hall,  
 Harkening in an air stirred and shaken  
 By the lonely traveller's call.

And then there is a Silence still deadlier: not  
 threatening  
 the future, nor watching the present, but  
 brooding  
 what is for ever past:

That after-silence when the feast is o'er,  
 And void the places where the minstrels  
 stood.

She, too, is beautiful, with that sinister  
 beauty of Proser-  
 pine which the Psyche of Apuleius breathed  
 and died.  
 Hers is the fascination of the whirlpool for  
 the floating  
 leaf: that fascination which Freud in our own  
 day, abandon-  
 ing himself for a moment to the dream-  
 poetry of a  
 sort of Platonic myth, has pictured as a  
 longing of the  
 elements of the living body, not for  
 resurrection, but for  
 death—a 'nostalgic de la poussiere':

Still my bones within me say  
 'Another night, another day.'

To this instinct was due in part, it may be,  
 the physical  
 loveliness of Death in Greek sculpture, so  
 different from  
 the skulls and skeletons of our Gothic  
 barbarism; hence,  
 too, the passion of the poets for 'easeful  
 Death', their  
 impulse to kill tragically the creations they  
 have them-  
 selves made and loved, their sense of the  
 supreme elo-

quence of mouths that will speak no more—  
\*O *eloquent,*  
just, and mighty Death/ This silence may be  
the silence  
of human death: